



## BUILDING ON THE SAND.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,  
 For so the world hath done,  
 Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,  
 And morning brought the sun.  
 But have a care, ye young and fair,  
 Be sure you pledge with truth;  
 Be certain that your love will wear  
 Beyond the days of youth!  
 For if ye give not heart for heart,  
 As well as hand for hand,  
 You'll find you've played the unwise part,  
 And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have  
 A goodly store of gold,  
 And hold enough of shining stuff,  
 For charity is cold.  
 But place not all your hope and trust  
 In what the deep mine brings;  
 We cannot live on yellow dust  
 Unmixed with purer things,  
 And he who piles up wealth alone,  
 Will often have to stand  
 Beside his coffer chest, and own  
 "Tis" built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,  
 And soothe where'er we can;  
 Fair speech should bind the human mind,  
 And love link man to man.  
 But stop not at the gentle words,  
 Let deeds with language dwell;  
 The one who pities starving birds,  
 Should scatter crumbs as well.  
 The mercy that is warm and true,  
 Must lend a helping hand,  
 For those who talk, yet fail to do,  
 But "build upon the sands."

## THOMAS HENRY.

By Edward Abbott.

Poor Mrs. Mardles!

Her husband had been dead these three years.

Then what should Susie do but, having grown up from a little girl into a big woman, go and get married, and move down to the Falls to live in a home of her own.

Thomas Henry was all she had left.

Yes, if it hadn't been for Thomas Henry, poor old Mrs. Mardles would have been quite alone in the world. She often thought of that, and she was always thankful about it, when, after a day of lonesomeness and toil, tea time came. It was a great comfort then that she could put two chairs at the table, one for herself and one for him. And when everything was at last all ready, when she had finally seated herself in her chair and Thomas Henry had climbed up into his, she really used to feel that times were not so very bad after all.

To be sure Thomas Henry was not grown up; he was not even old enough to be of much use; but then it was a relief to have him in the house. It wasn't half so bad as it would have been if there hadn't been any Thomas Henry at all.

Mrs. Mardles was not Thomas Henry's own mother, you must understand; she only gave him a home. Where he came from, and where his father and mother were, nobody ever knew.

Thomas Henry had as good a disposition as most boys, better in fact than some, but he did make trouble now and then. He had one fault. Not but that Mrs. Mardles was patient with it, as most mothers are with the faults of their children, but it must be confessed that in one respect Thomas Henry tried his good friend and benefactor not a little. He did like to spend his evenings out.

"It won't do at all," Mrs. Mardles used to say, whenever she tried to reason with him about the matter, "it won't do at all for you to be going out this way every evening. How do I know where you go? What do I know about your companions? Besides, I want you at home in the evening. That's the time I feel loneliest. When the wind's blowing these stormy, snowy nights, rattling the window panes and howling up the chimney, I want you *here*. If you want to gad about the neighborhood, why don't you go in the day time, when I am busy about my work and don't need you."

Thomas Henry always listened very attentively to these lectures, but I am sorry to say he never heeded them.

Didn't he answer her? No. A gentlemanly boy would, but Thomas Henry wasn't a gentlemanly boy. When the lecture was over he would generally turn around and walk off without saying a word, and in half an hour, before his mistress knew it, would have slipped out of the house. Then, when he came back at the end of the evening, cold perhaps, or wet, good Mrs. Mardles hadn't the heart to punish him. Not she! As soon as she heard him coming, she would get him a comfortable place by the fire, forgot all about his disobedience, and that would be the end of it.

But why didn't she make him obey? Oh, she couldn't. She didn't know how. And if she had known how, I don't believe she could have brought herself to do it. It would have been better for Thomas Henry if she could have, though, as you will presently see.

One night it was plain that a great snow storm was coming on. All day long the clouds were gathering. By the middle of the afternoon the flakes began to fall. When the evening paper came, and Mrs. Mardles had opened it, Old Probabilities told her that the snow storm was surely coming, and the New York dispatches gave warning that it was on the way.

Mrs. Mardles laid down her paper and looked at Thomas Henry. He was sitting in his usual, after supper, place before the fire.

He wasn't reading. He was only looking into the flames.

"Thomas Henry," she said, "do you hear that."

It was the rising wind sighing in the chimney.

"Come here," she said to him, leading the way to the window and raising the shade. "Do you see that?"

Thomas Henry reluctantly followed, and stood by her looking out into the darkness of the storm. The snow was beating against the window, and already lay in a considerable bank against the lower sash outside.

"It's a terrible night," said Mrs. Mardles, looking the young scapegrace sternly in the eye. "Don't you dare to go out to-night. Do you hear?" she continued, stamping her foot. "If you go out you shall stay out till morning. I'll not let you in again. If you want to see the neighbors enough to go out such a night as this, you can sleep with some of them all night. Don't you come back here!"

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Mardles laid by her paper and took off her spectacles, Thomas Henry was gone.

Yes, he was certainly gone. There was his place by the fire empty.

When nine o'clock came Mrs. Mardles prepared to shut up the house and go to bed. She went to the front door and looked out. The snow had ceased falling and the moon was struggling through the clouds, but the wind was blowing a gale and the air had grown colder and colder.

It was a bitter night indeed!

Mrs. Mardles could see nowhere any sign of Thomas Henry, though it was light enough to have seen him if he had been coming. She called his name two or three times, but there was no answer. So at length she shut the door, and braced herself to carry out her resolution, and went to bed.

She had been asleep some time, when she was awakened by a sound. She quickly recognized it as Thomas Henry calling to be let in. The door, of course, was locked. Mrs. Mardles made no answer.

"I told him I would not let him in," she said to herself, "and now I won't. I've coaxed him long enough; I'll give him a lesson. Perhaps it will cure him."

In a moment the runaway called again, louder than before, but Mrs. Mardles screwed up her resolution even tighter than ever.

"I said I wouldn't, and I won't."

She comforted herself with the thought that Thomas Henry had a good warm coat on, and that he could easily go over to the next door neighbor's, where he had probably been spending the evening, and finish out the night. They were always glad to see him over there, and would understand his case when they heard him call, and would let him in.

"I don't believe he'll give me any more trouble after this," the good woman said self-comfortingly.

Poor Thomas Henry, he never did.

There were a few more calls and then all was still.

Mrs. Mardles satisfied herself with the conviction that Thomas Henry had got tired trying to wake her up, and had gone back to the other house. And with this assurance she presently fell asleep.

The next morning the man came as usual to shovel out her path, but the first thing Mrs. Mardles saw of him he was coming into the kitchen where she was getting breakfast with Thomas Henry in his arms.

The poor cat was frozen stiff!

Poor Mrs. Mardles!

"May it please your honor," exclaimed a jurymen, "I am deaf in one ear." "Then you may be excused, as it is necessary for a juror to hear both sides," said the judge.

#### KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN.

KING ALFRED was sitting one day in his palace, dispensing justice, and surrounded by his barons, or thanes, as the nobles of the country were called in those days, when, as his eye glanced over the assembled group, he observed that the place of one faithful servant was vacant; and, in answer to his inquiries as to the cause of the absence of the Earl of Holderness, the king was informed that the noble thane and his lady had both died some short time previous. Before the monarch could express his grief, his informant, the warrior Wulph, proceeded to ask Alfred to confer on him the estates of Holderness (that part of Yorkshire lying between the mouth of the Humber and the German Ocean) as a reward for prowess in war. Instantly, another noble, the wise Thuanstan, spoke:

"Nay, king, it would be more just to bestow them on me. For dost thou not remember how, when, at thy command, I crossed the sea, my wisdom was of more avail at the Danish Court than all the warlike skill and bravery of Wulph?"

At that moment a door at the far end of the room opened, and a pale, toil-worn woman entered, leading by the hand a lovely boy, whose flaxen hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion plainly showed his Saxon origin. With difficulty she pressed through the throng of anxious and excited nobles, until she stood before the monarch himself. Then, bending low, she said:

"Oh, gracious king, I ask that justice may be done to this boy the only child of the late Earl of Holderness and Lady Alice. He has no father now to defend him, no mother to care for him; but, orphaned and utterly friendless, he looks to thee for protection. His is the orphan's claim—O king! regard it."

Here she was interrupted by one of the thanes, who angrily exclaimed:

"His claim, forsooth! What! dost thou think, then, that our king needs the services of babes such as that? No. In these troubled times, when our Danish foes are threatening us on all sides, we want men with active bodies, stout arms, brave hearts. If the lands of Holderness be given to that child, even though he were the lawful heir, say what could he do to guard his country?"

The little fellow lifted his bright blue eyes to the stern speaker, and replied:

"I would pray to God in heaven!"

The good King Alfred, than whom a nobler or better never sat on England's throne, looked earnestly first at the upturned face of the boy, then upon his thanes, who were anxiously awaiting the royal decision, and, rising, said, slowly and solemnly:

"The king will gladly give all praise and due reward to the faithful thanes who have served him so well in times of need; but the estates of Holderness must be restored to this child, for they are his by birthright, and his claim—the orphan's claim—is before all others. His father is God, who reigns in heaven."

#### LET THE QUILL BE USED.

A CITIZEN of Lexington has in his possession a quill of a condor which has a history. It was given to Henry Clay in 1824, with an injunction never to cut it until he was elected President, when he was to write his first message with it. In case he was not elected, it was not to be cut until a "constitutional President wrote a constitutional message for all the States." After Mr. Clay's death it was given to Millard Fillmore, but he was likewise unable to use it. During the last campaign the owner determined to give it to Mr. Greeley should he be elected. The quill, which is still uncut, is over three feet long, and as large around as a man's thumb.



## LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

## DR. HOWE'S SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS TO EDUCATE HER.

THE Boston *Traveller* of the 14th instant has the following interesting statement concerning Miss Laura Bridgeman:

"In a village in the mountains of New Hampshire the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe found the subject of this sketch, then six years old, blind, deaf and dumb, and nearly destitute of the sense of taste, scarlet fever having deprived her of these gifts. She was thus excluded from all the beauties of God in nature, and seemed little better than a piece of marble chiselled in human form, and that form containing a flickering spark of an immortal soul. Her father was a well-to-do farmer, and her mother a woman of much intelligence, who gladly consented to place her little daughter in care of Dr. Howe. Accordingly she was brought to Boston, and a process of instruction immediately commenced. She was first taught to use her hands and to acquire a command of her muscles and limbs, and afterward, by means of a pen and pin, to distinguish two articles by arbitrary signs. Then from monosyllables she learned all the letters of the alphabet, and how to arrange them to represent objects. She soon acquired a knowledge of numerals, punctuation, &c., and then she gained the power of expressing thoughts, names of things, &c. The next process taught her was to recognize the same signs in embossed type. She worked with great eagerness, thus rewarding the watchful care of her devoted teacher.

"Miss Bridgeman is now in her forty-six year, and between her home and the Perkins Institution she has passed her time thus far. She is tall, slight, graceful in form and motion, wears green bands across her eyes, is very demonstrative, and her face at times radiates with emotion. She dresses with great care—more to please her friends than herself—and takes pride in showing her gold watch and other feminine ornamentalations. She is quite expert in crocheting and plain needle-work, and takes much delight in assisting one of the teachers in the sewing department. A few days ago she was at work with perhaps a dozen of the pupils, turning the hems of napkins, and threading needles with her fingers and teeth. She exhibited some of her hemming with as much pride as a soldier bearing a trophy from a battle-field. A lady, on the occasion referred to, made a purchase from her of a crochet mat, and with clear articulation Miss Bridgeman repeated the word 'money' twice. She can utter intelligibly the name of a teacher, and such words as baby, &c. She forms words with a lead pencil, by the aid of a French writing board. This latter article has grooved lines about an eighth of an inch deep, an inch or so apart, running transversely across the pasteboard. She takes her paper and presses it into the grooves, thus making depressions which can be felt by the pencil point, and when slightly pressed leaves a letter mark. In furnishing her autograph she writes above her name a Scripture text. She on being asked if she realized the meaning of the quotation, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' replied, 'fully.' On learning that her questioner had been a Sabbath-school teacher for eighteen years, she clasped her hand with delight and made an attempt, in a rapturous manner, to speak, giving forth a lurid-like sound. Miss Bridgeman, after the death of her father, was selfishly deprived of the little property he left for herself and her mother, and she continues to earn a little money by the use of her needle. She, however, possesses the interest of a bequest of \$2,000 from the Loring fund. Yesterday this lady was feeling acutely the death of the noble man who brought out her imprisoned spirit from chaos. She is a living monument of his devotion, patience, hope, waiting, watching, and giving of eyes to the blind, and language to the dumb lips. The

Emperor of Prussia sent Dr. Howe a gold medal for his marvelous achievement in educating Laura Bridgeman. The attention of the European world was first drawn to Miss Bridgeman's most extraordinary case through Charles Dickens' *Notes*, in which a very full account was given, and a deserved eulogism passed upon Dr. Howe."

## NEW YORK NEWSBOYS.

At the junction of Broadway and Sixth avenue, New York, hundreds of newsboys gather every afternoon at five o'clock. For at that hour every day a two-wheeled wagon comes flying up Broadway with the *Evening News*. These gamins, sharp of face and nimble of foot, are awaiting its arrival, to receive the evening papers. A correspondent thus describes them:

"Several little cripples are among the crowd, for as one boy says, 'Hi, there's Shorty. Shorty sold out last night before six. Give us a string; see if I don't tie my leg up; 'tain't good for the paper trade to be too healthy.'" But harsh as are the expressions, and almost heartless the way the sound boys get the cripple's crutches and go lame in a variety of styles, wait till the up-town delivery pelt around the corner. Regardless of the wheels, they pile, pitch and hurl themselves up and on the wagon, but they boost the cripple; they fight an opening for the weak one, and they drag his papers over surrounding heads, and the crutches are flying down the street with the *Evening News* before one of the straight-limbed boys are off on a similar duty.

The correspondent, in company with Mr. Macabe, the actor, stopped to see the crowd. The usual crutch act was in progression. Mr. Macabe said it was like the cruelty of city boys. The correspondent replied:

"Now, these gamins are waiting with their few pennies to buy the papers for their evening business. Their pennies are more than dollars to men, but if you appealed to them for assistance you'd find a readier response than from one hundred prosperous men."

The jovial Macabe snatched at the suggestion. In one instant his collar was turned up, his soft hat knocked back. The slouched out of English clothes assisted his endeavor to look like a distressed man, and utterly shabby and abject, he pressed in among them, and in a doleful voice began:

"I've got four children about your size—boys—that I'm going to try to get to to-morrow. I've been in this country a long time, and I long to get a home. I've had a poor dinner to-day, and if you could any of you help a hungry man, I'd be very grateful to you."

The woe-begone face and voice did more than the oration; but twenty-five outstretched hands held the little coppers so dear to those boys, and I don't believe the warm-hearted Macabe experienced a more delightful sensation when he thanked those boys and told them that it was to try them, and ended by buying the whole wagon-load of papers, and leaving an interested policeman to divide them equally among the benevolent gamins.—*Youth's Companion*.

A DEAF-MUTE LADY ROBBED AND LEFT DESTITUTE.—A young lady named Laura Douglass, late in the Ohio Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Columbus, arrived here last night in a destitute condition, having been robbed of her satchel and money on the train, and she is now at police headquarters. She comes in quest of her brother, Charles Douglass, a young man about 24 years of age, who was, a few years ago, engaged in a store here as a clerk, and who, she thinks, is still in this city.—*Star*, Feb. 1, 1876.

# THE SILENT WORLD

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WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1876.

We want copies of THE SILENT WORLD for September 1, 1875, for each of which we will pay a liberal price.

## THE DEAF AND DUMB AND THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

THE opening of the Centennial Exhibition will soon take place and yet, although it is not possible to take up a newspaper without seeing allusions to it, some people seem not to realize that the time for it is drawing near so rapidly.

Some months ago the Executive Committee of American Instructors of the deaf and dumb issued a circular, copies of which were sent to all persons interested, suggesting certain steps which would lead to a complete and creditable exhibition at the Centennial of what has been accomplished in this country in the education of the deaf and dumb. In the last number of *The Annals*, the editor, who is a member of the Executive Committee, says, "many of the Institution have not responded to the Centennial Circular."

Various appeals have been made in one or another of the deaf-mute papers and numerous suggestions have been offered as to what might be done in the way of a Centennial Convention of the deaf and dumb, and the part deaf-mutes might take, individually and collectively, in the exhibition. But, as yet, no definite action leading to what is universally admitted as a desirable result seems to have been taken.

There is yet time. Surely those who can and should take the first steps do not need to be told what these steps should be.

In looking over the report of President Gallaudet as Commissioner from the American Government to the Vienna Exhibition, which is published in the last number of *The Annals*, one cannot but wonder that the deaf-mute Institutions of Europe and the deaf-mutes themselves should have let slip so favorable an opportunity to aid each other and the world in general by an exhibition, which should be a fair showing of what had been accomplished in their education and amelioration.

President Gallaudet says: "Of the hundreds of Institution in Europe, but five contributed anything." Surely we desire a more creditable showing for our exhibition than that. The contributions from this country to the Vienna Exhibition were so generous that President Gallaudet speaks of them as in "marked contrast to the meagre presentations from the schools of Europe." And in concluding the report, after saying that it is difficult to say what

effect for good may result from the presence at Vienna of the European contributions, he says: "We may, however, be permitted to express the hope that the record of what has been done in the United States, may be allowed to exert such an influence as shall serve to stimulate effort in behalf of this important educational interest in countries where much less has been accomplished, relatively, than in our own land."

If we could do so well by a foreign Exhibition, every feeling of pride and patriotism would lead us to do more for our own. If we dare make such a comparison and express such a hope, we dare not let those nations which we presume to commiserate and consider inferior to ourselves, come to our exhibition and find that we have accomplished no more in the way of contributing than they.

Then let something be done at once. If there is to be a convention, let steps be taken immediately, so that it shall not be half a failure through want of time to make the necessary arrangements and preparations. Let all Institutions and all individuals make haste to contribute what they can, and do what may be in their power. Then we shall have no reason to fear comparison with the Vienna Exhibition or any other, and our boasted superiority will have an added force and be a greater rebuke.

## A CARD.

To the members of the Deaf-mute Society of Chicago:

I HAVE read with pleasure a copy of the resolutions passed December 15, 1875, by your Society, thanking me for services, etc. If I have in any way been the humble instrument in promoting the interests or welfare of our Society while acting as its chief officer, I am amply and fully repaid by this farewell act you have seen fit, as a body, to pass, and have spread upon its records. Feeling that I am not wholly worthy of the high compliment you have bestowed upon me, I shall remember, however, with a grateful memory your parting token. I embrace this opportunity to thank the members, each and all, for the courtesy shown and kindness extended me during my official cares. I trust the Society may be blessed with a greater degree of growth in the future than in the past and that it may exert a powerful influence for good on all coming within its reach. I hope your second anniversary, which occasion is on the 18th instant, will be favored with wise councils and pleasing association. Wishing you a pleasant re-union of your society this year and many returns.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. J. M. RAFFINGTON,

First President of the Deaf-Mute Society of Chicago.

Detroit, Michigan, Jan: 14, 1876.

## [CORRESPONDENCE.]

### FROM NEW YORK.

THERE has appeared in this city for sale a pamphlet entitled, "The Adventures of a Deaf-mute," published by William B. Swett, a deaf-mute, of Marblehead, Massachusetts. The profits of the last edition goes to the publisher who has been disabled entirely from any work whatever, besides losing the sight of one eye, and being in danger of losing the other. All deaf-mutes who can afford it should buy one or more copies of this pamphlet, as it would be aiding a fellow deaf-mute, who is now in great distress. Copies can be procured at most bookstores and also by mail by addressing W. B. Swett, Marblehead, Massachusetts. Price 25 cents.



On the last Thursday evening in 1875, a debate took place before the Manhattan Literary Association on the following question: "Which is the most profitable in this country farming or manufacturing?" Messrs. McClelland and Campbell held that farming was, while Messrs. McGuire and Brown asserted that manufacturing was. After a short but lively debate in which both sides were supported by volunteers, it was decided by eight against seven votes that farming was the most profitable.

On the 20th instant Mr. Charles W. Van Tassal is expected to lecture before the Association, and on the 27th instant a debate will take place between the Sunnyside Club represented by Messrs. Bond and Godfrey, and the Manhattan Literary Association represented by Messrs. W. O. Fitzgerald and S. W. McClelland, with Mr. J. Witschief as substitute. It is hoped that upon both of these occasions the deaf-mutes of both sexes in this city will attend in force.

Report says that Mr. Sol. Schloss, a deaf-mute of this city, who is, or was, Vice President of the Sunnyside Club, has succeeded, through political influence, in obtaining a good paying situation in the Post Office.

In consequence of the prevalence of typhoid and other fevers at the Institution, most of the pupils who live in this city or vicinity, have been allowed to remain at their homes since the Christmas holidays, and on Sunday help greatly to increase the size of the audience at St. Ann's Church, for most of them regularly attend the services for deaf-mutes.

On the tenth instant a concert was held at Steinway's Hall under the auspices and benefit of "The National Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes." The entertainment was under the management of some speaking gentlemen, friends of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who have taken an interest in his christian works and try to make his labors as light as possible. Financially speaking, I am afraid it did not prove such a "Big Bonanza" for the Home as was expected. Although the hall was crowded with a large and fashionable audience all had been admitted free of charge. The exercises for the most part consisted of singing, but during the intermission, while a collection was being taken up, Miss Florence H. Jones, a handsome deaf-mute young lady, delivered in graceful signs part of a poem, which at the finish was loudly applauded.

The party which was to have been tendered Mrs. Fred. Stratton on the 31st instant, has been indefinitely postponed.

New York, Jan. 18, 1876.

CASSIRELAUNUS.

#### To the Editor of THE SILENT WORLD:

A MEETING of the Alumni of the Deaf-Mute College was held at the Arlington Hotel, in Washington, in June, 1873. A committee was appointed to call another meeting at some future time, but, as yet, no other meeting has been held. We would suggest that the coming summer will be a suitable time for the Alumni to meet again. Doubtless almost all of the graduates will visit the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and there are a few who would not gladly go a little out of their way in order to visit their alma-mater, and meet their fellow-graduates. With regard to the time, we believe that the last of June, when the college term closes, will be the most appropriate. Those who graduate there can attend the reunion without the trouble and expense of returning to Washington. Also, those of the graduates who desire to be in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, will have time to get there after attending the reunion, while those who do not wish to endure the inconveniences resulting from the vast crowds sure to do in Philadelphia on the Fourth can go earlier and stop

at Washington on their way home. Who will second our motion for a meeting of the Alumni next June?

A word about the Centennial Exhibition:—Very many of the mutes who attend will be strangers in the city, and will need a good guide to show them around. Will not some intelligent mute residing in Philadelphia make himself perfectly familiar with the Exhibition grounds, and the places where the different countries exhibit their products, thus fitting himself for a guide for his fellow-mutes? Let the proper person do this, and inform the public where he may be found, then let him demand suitable compensation for his labor, and he will benefit both himself, and those who may need his services.

If the managers of the Pennsylvania Institution were to keep it open for the accommodation of the mutes attending the Exhibition, charging them enough to cover all expenses incurred, it would afford them opportunities for social meetings and intercourse, which it would otherwise be impossible for them to secure.

Minnesota, January, 1876.

D. H. C.

#### PERSONAL.

WE would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which maybe of interest.

BELFAST, MAINE, January, 24, 1876.

Dear SILENT WORLD:

I SEND you two or three items which may be put in your paper.

THE oldest living person in the State of New Hampshire is, probably, Miss BETSEY CARR, a deaf-mute, at the Sullivan County farm, who completed her 105th year, December last.

MR. JOSEPH SANGER, of Westboro, Massachusetts, the faithful Treasurer of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-mutes, owns a fine farm of thirty acres, which he most of the time carries on alone. His cattle consists of three sleeky milch cows, and a good horse. He and his wife were both graduates from the American Asylum.

LAST week a man dressed in an Indian costume, with a huge handbill fastened on his breast and back, walked up and down the streets in Belfast, Maine, distributing small handbills. He proved to be a deaf-mute. He is employed by a patent-button agent, who negotiates in stores in the meantime. He says he commenced this pursuit three week ago, and the agent proposes to take him with him travelling through the different cities in this country. His name is ROBERT P. JONES, and he was graduated from the American Asylum in 1845.

CHARLES A. BROWN.

THE Literary Association of the Philadelphia Deaf Mute Mission have asked the manager of the Deaf and Dumb Institution to throw open their building during a portion of the summer's vacation, in order that many of the mutes, who are coming to the Centennial, may have a place to lodge. The importance of an affirmative response is the more urgent on account of a number coming here from other localities to witness a sight never before, we believe, seen in this country, the ordination of Mr. Henry Winter Syle, A. M., a semi-mute, as a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. —Sunday (Phila.) Republic.

## A DEAF-MUTE'S PRAYER.

THE Norwich *Bulletin Mystic* correspondent says: "A beautiful incident is related to us which occurred only a few days ago in the Home school to teach mutes articulation and lip reading at Mystic River. Miss P., an interesting graduate of one of the oldest Institutions for the education of deaf-mutes, having a desire to learn to speak and to read the lips of her speaking friends, was recommended by her old principal to try Mr. Whipple's school, and she entered it last term. She made rapid progress and was much aided by the natural alphabet, the invention of her new teacher. This alphabet curiously suggests sound, or the right position of the organs to utter sound, as well as form; and whenever a mute pupil can read and write it, he or she can generally give any of the forty sounds of our difficult language with great precision and discrimination, and often with remarkable correctness. This young lady, filled with enthusiasm at every step, mastered the alphabet with little difficulty, one day came to her teacher with something written on her slate, which she asked him to correct, her mind being agitated with emotion. It proved to be the Lord's Prayer, put in the language of articulation. Perceiving her agitation the teacher could scarcely restrain his own tears as he corrected the few unimportant errors of pronunciation and delicately returned it. The next morning the lady came exultingly to her teacher, exclaiming, 'I prayed last night for the first time in my life with my voice,' and neither of them could restrain their emotions. He ventured to ask her if she had never prayed before. 'Oh, yes; I have thought my prayers, but I never spoke them before.' 'My lips shall praise Thee, O God. 'Attend the voice of my prayer,' 'Attend the voice of my supplications, O Lord.' The earnestness and satisfactions of the devout mute, who now realized one of the bright dreams of her life, admitted no question, and called for no proof, if she was something or a literalist in her interpretations."

**HARD TO PRONOUNCE.**—Many years since a minister, in his travels, put up for the night with a man who was supposed to possess but little of what people call "common sense." Just as he was about to retire for rest, the man said to the minister:

"Tell me, sir, what three words in the English language is most difficult to pronounce?"

"I don't know that I can," was the reply.

"Well," said the man, "I will give you till morning to answer me."

The minister thought no more of the question till it was proposed to him again in the morning, when he carelessly had not thought of it.

"Then," said the man, "I will tell you the most difficult words to pronounce. They are—I am wrong."

## A BEAR KILLED BY A BOY.

ON Sunday week a deaf and dumb boy named Moore, residing near Altoona, Penn., killed a bear while roaming in the woods near his father's house. The boy observed a movement at the mouth of a cave. Approaching, an object resembling a bear became visible. He cautiously proceeded in the direction of the cave with an axe which he had in his possession, and selected a position where he could deal the animal a blow as he emerged from the opening. When the coveted opportunity presented itself the boy raised the weapon and plunged it into the head of the bear, repeating the operation several times. He soon had the satisfaction of seeing the animal falling prostrate at his feet. He weighed 220 pounds.

## UNPLEASANT PASSENGERS.

THE *Messenger Du Midi* states that a merchant vessel arrived at Marseilles lately, laden with sugar, from Batavia. While in the act of unloading, the workmen suddenly left their task, and rushing up to the desk, gasped out inarticulate words. Among the hampers they had found three immense boa-constrictors. These reptiles seemed to wake from a state of lethargy, and advanced towards the terrified men, who had only just time to hoist themselves on deck and close the hatches. The captain was, of course, obliged to suspend the operation of unloading and to look for the means of getting rid of these strange passengers. Two pigeons were poisoned with strychnine and dropped into the hold. They were devoured at once, but only two of the serpent died. The third reptile has not been seen again, and it is with the greatest trouble that the captain can get men to assist him in unloading the ship.

WASHING-DAYS in the olden times were few and far between, as were the articles which required washing. The assistance of the dyer was much oftener called in than that of the laundress. During the middle ages, a linen shirt was a rarity, and a matter of congratulation to its possessor. Under-clothes were worn only by a limited few, the wealthy people wearing velvets, taffetas, and rich silks next to their bodies. Night-dresses, as now used had no existence in those days; indeed the people oftener slept without any clothes on at all. Anne Boleyn's night-dresses are described as having been made of black satin and velvet, while Queen Elizabeth's were of black velvet, lined with fur. Later these night-dresses were called night-veils. Shirts were also made of colored silks, as were night-caps, and other articles now composed only of washing materials, which fashion made the laundress' duty an exceedingly light one.

A YOUNG man in Chicago was recently found dead in his bed, and the supposition was that he had committed suicide by poisoning, but upon analyzing the contents of his stomach, nothing but the following was found in it: Pickles, pound cake, lemonade, cold turkey, beer, fried oysters, cold punch, ham sandwich, sponge cake, beet tea, mince pie, champagne, lobster, game pie, fruit cake, tea, chicken salad, whiskey, coffee, bologna sausage, port, cheese, sardines, and sherry. The jury returned a verdict of "Died through the visitation of friends."

## INSTITUTION NEWS.

## MINNESOTA.

THE report for the year of 1875 is just out. All of the departments of the Institution are in a prosperous condition. During the year 110 pupils were under instruction—72 boys and 38 girls. The statement of work done in the shop is most creditable both to the pupils and to those who have charge of them. During the year eleven boys in the cooper shop made 3773 barrels; thirteen boys in the shoe-shop made 246 pairs of shoes and 233 pairs of boots, besides doing much repairing; twelve boys and four girls in the tailor shop, in addition to repairing done, made 18 full suits of clothes and 808 pairs of overalls and jackets, and the girls in the general sewing room performed a large amount of household and fancy work. The cooper shop, as usual, more than paid its way, while in the tailor and shoe shops, although they were both started with the past year, the expenses but slightly exceeded the income. An appropriation of \$38,000 is asked for to continue the work on the main centre building the coming year.

The teachers have arranged a sort of reading table in their parlor in the south wing, where the periodicals taken by each are left for the perusal of all. The list includes the *Galaxy*, *Scribner's* and *Harper's Magazines*, the *New York Daily Times*, *Chicago Daily Tribune*, *St. Paul Daily Pioneer Press*, the *New York Semi-weekly Tribune*, *The Independent*, *The Annals*, *THE SILENT WORLD*, *Deaf-mute's Journal*, *Bangor Courier* and *Ohio Farmer*.



Drawing has been introduced into the entire school, and promises to be a useful and valuable addition to the acquirements of the pupils. Drawing lessons alternate daily with practice in penmanship.  
January, 1876.

D. H. C.

## COLLEGE RECORD.

RIZ has been two years upon Jackson's Life, Vol. I, and hopefully contemplates, all things being equal, finishing Vol. II, by 1879.

A DISCONSOLATE student posted the following on the College bulletin: "If any student has by mistake received a shirt (cotton) belonging to the undersigned, he will confer a great favor by returning the same without delay."

GOSHORN.

A SPECIAL meeting of the "Lit." Society was held on Friday afternoon, January 14, 1876, and following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing term: President, T. M. Teegarden, '76; Vice-President, D. W. George, '76; Secretary, F. R. Gray, '78; Treasurer, W. G. Jones, '76; Librarian, J. W. Michaels, '79; Critic, D. A. Simpson, '78.

THE College boys use this means of offering the most sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Bryant for the courteous and cordial manner in which they entertained them New Year's Evening. The genial, home-like prevalence brought vividly to memory many similar scenes—scenes endeared to some, at least, because they are of "Auld Lang Syne."

A MAGIC LANTERN exhibition was given in the Chapel Hall, on the 14th instant. It had never before been tried and the exhibition was, therefore, a sort of an experiment, which proved a complete success. The views were very clearly presented. As we understand it, the lantern is one of the very best ever manufactured on this side of the Atlantic.

MR. ALGERNON BRYANT recently surprised and delighted the members of the Reading Club with a New Year's present in the shape of a large and handsome picture-frame containing beautiful colored engravings of the magnificent Centennial Buildings, now in progress of erection in Philadelphia. The present now adorns the walls of the Reading Room and adds much to its attractiveness. The members are thankful to Mr. Bryant for this evidence of his thoughtfulness of them, and wish him a long line of happy New Years.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

An ulster overcoat covers a multitude of sins.

"Centennial Philadelphia" is the latest name for the Quaker City.

Here and there the sin of naming new babies "Centennial" is being committed:

A widow has just died in Rome and left a quarter of a million dollars in cash to the Pope.

A deer chased by hounds went through a woodshed, clapboards and all, near Amsterdam, New York, last week.

The keel of a new tugboat which was recently laid in San Francisco, was composed of one stick of timber 140 feet long.

Francis Murtagh has been arrested in Holliston, Mass., for stealing a skull. He took it from a vault while he was drunk.

A girl in Medina, Ohio, has a head just the size of Daniel Webster's, or three inches larger in circumference than the average of men.

Wonders will never cease. The other day we heard that a horse was turned into a stable! And this in the boasted nineteenth century.

One hundred and fifty-four pounds is the average adult human weight, and of this one hundred and sixteen pounds are pure water.

There is genuineness in the conversion of a young woman in Troy. She advertises for the owner of a watch that she found fourteen years ago.

A girl, one of a bridal party of tourists, was recently blown off the highest cliff of the Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, and, of course, instantly killed.

A letter was received at the Norwich (Conn.) Post Office several days before Christmas, addressed in a child's hand, to "Santa Claus." It was held for postage.

A citizen of Somerville, Mass., was surprised by the delivery of a coffin at his house; and later a hearse and eight carriages came. It was the joke of a lunatic.

A Chelsea policeman, having an occasion to arrest three drunken fellows, caught one and handcuffed him to a lamppost, while he pursued and captured the other two.

A colored labor union at Camden, Arkansas, fixed the price of picking cotton at a dollar a hundred and board, and severely thrashed several members for working cheaper.

"Ma," observed Blobb's little child reflectively, the other night as the first stars came one out, "don't you think when those stars twinkle that way they must tickle the angel's feet?"

"I thought you said your head ached five minutes ago," said a mother, when George asked for more candy. "So I did," said George, "and I suppose it does now, only I can't feel it."

The London Home for Lost Dogs has kennels for four hundred. The police send all stray dogs there, and they are kept three days awaiting owners, after which they are either sold or killed.

The startling announcement is made that during the present year New York City is to be destroyed by an earthquake, and the rest of the world is at the same time to be fearfully shocked.

A young lady in Minnesota boasts of having ten grown-up brothers to watch over her, but a Norristown girl prefers to have only one brother to watch over her—provided he is the brother of some other girl.

Prof. Toury, of Baltimore, bought samples of the kerosene sold in the stores, and found by experiment that more than half of the stuff was very dangerous, giving off inflammable vapors at a very low temperature.

An ingenious thief at Council Bluffs, Iowa, has been detected in the act of catching his neighbors' chickens by baiting a fishinghook with corn, attaching it to a strong line, and pulling through a fence the fowls which swallowed the bait.

J. M. Hutchings, of Yosemite, has discovered in the head waters of Kern river, 10,500 feet above the level of the sea, a new and beautiful fish, which he named the "golden trout." Its color is like that of the gold fish, but richer and dotted with black spots a quarter of an inch in diameter, and with a black band along its sides.

A hundred years ago four newspapers were published in New York the Royal Gazetteer, organ of the British authorities, the Mercury the Constitutional Gazette, and the New York Journal, the organ of the Sons of Liberty, published by John Holt, who at one time was compelled to take groceries and other goods in exchange for his paper.

"What am I made of?" asked a little girl fresh from her Sunday school lesson, as she essayed to show off her knowledge to a younger sister. "I don't know," was the honest answer. "What does mamma sweep up from the floor?" was the first speaker's next trial in the Socratic method. "Pins, needles, and hairpins!" was the prompt but unexpected response.

A little school girl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterward the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bud of promise" belonged, "What is a zone?" After some hesitation this little girl brightened up and replied, "I know; it's a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."

The Cumberland Valley Railroad will next summer run commodious passenger cars to the Centennial grounds, in which the seats will be numbered, covered, and locked, and a key given each passenger who purchases a ticket, to which is attached a check corresponding to the seat he occupies. When the excursion reaches Philadelphia, he can lock up within the enclosure which contains his seat, any food of clothing necessary to his comfort, and if he does not choose to put up at a hotel, can have his own private apartments in the car which takes him to the Centennial Buildings.

A miracle has been wrought by nature in the village of Woonsocket Rhode Island. Frederick Luke suddenly became mute twenty years ago, when he was still a youth. He rapidly fell into decline, and the physicians only gave him a few months to live. He, however, lingered on from year to year, and since 1872 a gradual improvement in his health became perceptible. A few days ago he joyfully came to his mother and articulated some words, instead of speaking in signs to her as he had done for twenty years. His power of speech is rapidly gaining, and some of the most distinguished physicians of Rhode Island are about to investigate this remarkable case.

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7 times...	2 75	5 00	7 25	12 00	21 00
4 mos...	3 00	5 50	8 00	14 00	24 00
9 times...	3 25	6 00	8 75	15 00	27 00
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